

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 16. — VOL. XVII

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1805.

NO. 850.

## THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE,

A ROMANCE

(Continued.)

"ALAS! my friend," said Lady Barome to Matilda, "Fortune seems still to cross our wishes. I have, since the return of my Raymond, flattered myself with the pleasing hope of uniting our children, and cherished my enthusiasm so far, as to imagine that I perceived a mutual affection to subsist between them. However, I submit to the unerring judgment of Providence, and shall certainly not controul his choice: nay, I shall conceive it an act of justice to make him fulfil the expectations which he has raised in the mind of the sweet girl."

She then went for her son, and, after informing him that she was acquainted with the secret of his love, added her orders, that he should openly declare himself to be the lover of Olivia. Raymond started: a deadly paleness overspread his countenance; and he retreated a few steps in visible consternation.

"Ah! my mother," cried he in sorrowful accents, "what do I hear! Your goodness does but serve to render me doubly wretched!—I cannot love Olivia."

"Raymond!" said Lady Barome, with an angry glance, "do I find you inconstant?—Can you dishonestly fly from your former professions?—Go!—go! you are no longer my son!"

"Yet, hear me, Madam!" cried he, with increasing distraction—"do not too hastily condemn your suffering son;—hear but my vindication, and I trust you will not find me altogether so culpable as your nice sense of rectitude leads you so prematurely to suspect. Olivia was the first female with whom it was my fate to associate. Young, sanguine, and susceptible, I could not behold her extreme beauty unmoved; and her tender attentions to me led me to mistake gratitude for love. The indelicate rudeness of her sister, Victoria, disgusted me; and I acknowledged, incautiously, that I preferred Olivia."

"My unsettled fortunes at that time prevented my making her any honorable proposals, and others I did not presume to insult her with. The anger and resentment of her father and her ungente sister, happily, occasioned me to quit their house so precipitately, as to preclude the possibility of my making her acquainted with the sentiments which I imagined she had inspired."

"In the discharge of my duty I soon lost every idea of Olivia, and had ceased to delude my fancy with romantic expectations, when the scene took place in the field noticed by Lady Matilda. Shall I own to you, my dear mother, that the impropriety of her conduct in assuming that disguise, so repugnant to the becoming modesty of her sex, first opened my eyes; and if she inspired any sentiment, it was that of disgust, softened by compassion for the errors of her head; and I quitted her with a remonstrance which I have since thought too pointed and severe. In proportion as her affection increased, mine decreased; and when I first beheld the at-

tractive Constantia, my heart instantly decided in her favor."

"Cease Raynmond," cried Lady Barome, in a voice at once expressive of grief and indignation, "nor add cruelty to ingratitude! Are, then, all sparks of humanity extinguished in your bosom? I acknowledge full well the beauty and merits of Constantia; and, had not you been bound by duty otherwise, I would with pride have forwarded your choice. But, oh! my son, reflect—that, for you, Olivia braved the horrors of a dangerous campaign—abjured her home—the privileges of her sex!—and for this, too-fickle youth, you despise her!—And yet, my Raymond," added she, in a softer voice "to speak impartially, I must applaud your nice feelings, and confess that they exalt you in my opinion. When a woman steps beyond the prescribed bounds of delicacy to which her sex are limited, she deservedly incurs the contempt of mankind, nor can excess of love plead a fair excuse: yet, do not think that I would in aught prove an advocate for those men, who made nice principles an excuse for their own constitutional infidelity, and inhumanly raise hopes solely to exult over the credulity of their victim!—Such a wretch I hope will never be found in my Raymond.—Sincerely do I pity your case. All that I can say, is, that as you are in honor and gratitude bound to Olivia, I would have you on pain of my displeasure, seriously endeavor to renew your affection for her:—This, Raymond, she would have died for you!—Remember,—I do not command—I only entreat—you to give up all thoughts of Constantia (to whom I can never encourage you to pay your addresses,) and transfer all your love to the unhappy Olivia."

Penetrated by the most poignant grief, Raymond retired from the presence of his mother. His own heart dictated to him the justice of her remonstrances, and, though painful to himself, he nevertheless resolved to act agreeably to her wishes: he therefore shunned the presence of Constantia with sedulous care; whilst she, knowing all the transactions, endured equal pain with himself. Sincerely attached to Olivia, she would have esteemed it the greatest act of criminality to receive the vows of a man to whom she knew her to be so strongly inclined; knowing, from the feelings of her own breast, how strongly rooted such affections are: she therefore on her part, conducted herself with the greatest reserve to the distressed Raymond, who attributed her coldness towards him to dislike. Their mutual deception continued for some time: notwithstanding, their attachment, in spite of their endeavors to restrain it, daily increased, accompanied also by an increase of uneasiness.

De Lacy experienced the greatest happiness in the felicitous contemplation of his family; Matilda carefully concealing from him, as much as possible, every thing that might tend to make him uneasy: nor was Raymond regarded by him with indifference; the virtues of that youth were enumerated by Matilda, and the friendship he felt for the father was extended with the warmest cordiality to the son. Neither was he without his secret wishes to effect a marriage between him and Constantia, though pity for Olivia with-

held him from expressing such sentiments.

Determined at once to learn the decision of his fate, Raymond exerted his utmost resolution, and made formal proposals to Olivia, who hesitated not to accept them, deferring only her positive consent till the arrival of Lord Russel with her father's answer. Raymond, who had formed great expectations of her rejecting him, returned more than ever prejudiced against her, and his heart reproached her with narrowness and self-gratification.

"Surely," thought he, "this selfish girl, had she a spark of generosity, would have refused a hand which she must have seen to be reluctantly tendered."

In spite of his efforts to appear contented, he gave himself up to melancholy; frequent sighs burst from his agonized bosom; he lost his appetite, and the bloom of health gradually disappeared. Lady Barome, who saw the painful conflict which he endured, with sorrow hastened their return to their own chateau, thinking that absence from Constantia would lead him to banish her image from his memory. He took a kind and respectful leave of his bride-elect, and slightly saluting Constantia, hastened into the carriage which waited to convey him with his parents from the hospitable Castle.

This departure cast a heavy gloom over all its inhabitants. De Lacy and Matilda saw the sufferings of their child with heart-felt commiseration; and Olivia had never appeared in a less amiable light than she now did, whilst apparently enjoying her own prospects of happiness, which she could not but know must be founded upon the misery of her friend and benefactress. Her presence threw a restraint upon them all, and almost made them encourage pleasure at the thought of her departure.

A short time produced the looked-for event: Lord Russel arrived, with a tender letter from her father, in which he lamented his own inhumanity, that had drawn her into dangers he must ever deplore; and informed her, that the generous bearer had, through his interest with their young Sovereign, caused a restitution to be made to him of all his attained lands; that he was reinstated in all his splendid possessions; and, also, that he had been fully convinced of the unworthiness of Victoria, who was since married against his approbation; and of his injustice to Olivia, whom he waited impatiently to behold and bless; and that her brother was returned, and longed to embrace her.

Lord Russel was thanked with the warmest marks of gratitude by Olivia for his kind interference, who declined receiving any praise; declaring, that he had not been altogether so disinterested as she might imagine. He then, in the most passionate and delicate manner, professed the strongest affection for her, and made her an offer of his heart and fortune.

Olivia was much embarrassed: she tremblingly informed him, that he must ever be entitled to her friendship; but the present situation of affairs rendered it impossible to give him any farther encouragement: politely she declined his offers; and concluded with assuring him, how much she was impressed with a sense of his goodness.



Chagrined, and unhappy, Russel was about to withdraw; when, after a considerable pause, Olivia called him back.

"Stay, my Lord,——I have too much reliance upon your honor to believe that my late candid avowal will lessen me in your esteem.

My father's residence is not much out of the way——if you will be the bearer of another petition to him, I shall be thankful to you for it."

(To be Continued.)

#### BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE

OF MADEMOISELLE DE SALIGNAC.

THIS gentlewoman was of a good family in France, and lost her sight when only two years old, her mother having been advised to lay some pigeon's blood on her eyes, to preserve them in the small-pox; whereas, so far from answering the end, it eat into them; nature, however, may be said to have compensated for that unhappy mistake, by beauty of person, sweetness of temper, vivacity of genius, quickness of conception, and many talents which certainly much alleviated her misfortune.

She could play at cards with the same readiness as others of the party; she first prepared the packs allotted to her by pricking them in several parts, yet so imperceptibly that the closest inspection could scarcely discern her indexes. She could sort the suits, and arrange the cards in their proper sequence, with the same precision, and nearly the same facility, as those who had their sight. All she required of those who played with her, was to name every card as it was played; and these she retained so exactly, that she frequently performed some notable strokes, such as shewed a great combination and strong memory.

The most wonderful circumstance is that she should have learned to read and write: but even this is readily believed on knowing her method. In writing to her, no ink was used, but the letters were pricked down on the paper; and by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she could follow them successively, and read every word with her finger ends. She herself, in writing, made use of a pencil, as she could not know when her pen was dry; her guide on the paper was a small thin ruler, and the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter, she would wet it, so as to fix the traces of her pencil that they were not obscured or effaced; then she proceeded to fold and seal it, and write the direction; all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing was very straight, well cut, and the spelling no less correct. To reach this singular mechanism, the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who accustoming her daughter to feel letters cut in cards or pasteboard, brought her to distinguish an A from a B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then by the remembrance of the shade of the letter to delineate them on paper; and, lastly, to arrange them so as to form words and sentences.

She learned to play on the guitar, and even contrived a way of pricking down her tunes as an assistance to her memory. So delicate were her organs that, in singing a tune, though new to her, she was able to name the notes.

In figure dances she acquitted herself extremely well, and in a minuet, with inimitable ease and gracefulness. As the works of her sex, she had a masterly hand; she could sew and hem perfectly well; and in all her works she threaded the needle for herself, however small.

By her watch, her touch never failed telling her exactly the hour and minute.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### SPRING.

SEE, lovely Spring once more appears,  
The gloomy face of nature cheers,  
Dispelling Winter's frown:  
Nature a different aspect gives,  
Each plant and shrub new life receives,  
While pleasure flows around.

See Winter, with her drowsy train,  
Resign her arbitrary reign,  
And welcome Spring succeed:  
No more the streams in fetters bound,  
Or snowy carpets spread the ground,  
The reign of spring 't impede.

She now resumes her wonted sway,  
Nature the summons doth obey,  
The infant leaves expand;  
Deserted by the angry North,  
The vernal beauties now peep forth,  
Beneath a fostering hand.

Sweet Philomela, with her train  
Of feather'd songsters, swells the strain,  
Of harmony and love,  
Sweet warbling with harmonious notes,  
The music of unnumber'd throats,  
Rings, echoing through the grove.

Sweet Springs, all-animating voice,  
Makes ev'ry human heart rejoice,  
And ev'ry bosom glow;  
Teaches us how with zeal to raise,  
To Him, our grateful songs of praise,  
From whom all comforts flow.

J. W. J.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### ON SEEING AN INFANT ASLEEP IN ITS CRADLE, IN A NURSERY.

SWEET be thy slumbers, gentle babe,  
And soothing all thy little dreams,  
Unruffled as thy lovely face,  
Where dove-like innocence all beams.

Safe beneath thy father's roof,  
And pressing now thy little bed;  
With fond affection nurse can draw  
The silky coo'ring o'er thy head.

Loud howls the wind, but not a blast  
Across thy tender frame shall sweep;  
Down comes the rain, but not a drop  
Shall wet my EDWARD in his sleep.

Long on thy cheek may roses bloom,  
(If gracious heaven should so permit)  
But longer still thy gentle breast,  
Be every Virtue's lovely seat.

#### EPIGRAM.

TO A PRETENDED FRIEND, AND REAL ENEMY.

WITH out-stretch'd arms, and face affecting joy,  
Why dost thou greet the man thou wouldst destroy?  
Step forth; declare thyself; 'tis all I ask;  
Nor shoot thy arrows from behind a mask.  
Danger may be avoided when reveal'd;  
Destruction follows when it is conceal'd.

THE POLT AND THE ROSE.

A FABLE.

I HATE the man who would raise his name on the ruins of another's reputation. Like him, prudes, while destroying characters, imagine they are establishing their own;——Inspired with the same pride, belles and poets decry all their rivals.——Whoever would extol the features and eyes of Lesbia, must paint her sister a plain and clumsy girl; for Flattery is sure to please, when accompanied with Censure, of some other nymph.

In the freshness of the opening a poet visited a garden covered with the dew of May. In every part of it an embalmed air breathed around him; every plant expelled the homage of its own incense——The Poet gathers a Rose——contemplates it——admires it——and thus addresses it, in the language which his Muse inspires:

"Rose, go and adorn the bosom of my Chloe! happy! could I there enkindle an inextinguishable flame, and, like a Phoenix, under the eyes of Chloe, and on a bed of perfumes, burn and die!

"Know, sad flower, that you will there find roses more fragrant than yourself! I see you already bowing your head,——withering with envy, and despair!——Doomed to the same fate we die!——you with envy, I for love!"

"A truce——a truce with comparisons," replied a rose from a neighboring tree. "We disturb your quiet less than that of any other.——What could poets do without us?——The Rose flourishes in all your amorous songs; we enrich them with our colors, and our odours. When you depress us to exalt your Chloe, how do you add to her charms?——Must we, to flatter her, grow pale and wither with envy, fade and die?"

#### OBSERVATIONS & HINTS.

AN elegant young woman, long accustomed to a train of coxcombs, will expect similar attentions from her husband, and feel her mind mortified when she finds herself treated as a mere woman. From the frivolity of her mind, she is not possessed of that modest dignity so essential to command the esteem of her partner——hence bickerings, jealousies, and often mutual infidelity, terminated by separation.

Good sense is as much superior to the levity of wit as the light of the sun is to the momentary glare of a meteor; and an accomplished female mind is infinitely more estimable in the eyes of reflecting men than those exhibitions of feminine charms obtruded on our fancy by fashion. Such beautiful creatures as glide along the streets, decorated in showy apparel, may amuse the passenger; but would he wish to see his wife in the loose attire of a woman of the town?——then let us discountenance this violation of public decency, endeavor to persuade the fair sex, that modesty and purity of manners are true ornaments that render their beauty at once, amiable and estimable.

#### ANECDOTE.

AN Irishman on board a man of war, was desired by his mess mate to go down and fetch a can of small beer: Teague knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused.——Arrah, by my shoul, says he, and so while I am going into the cellar, to fetch beer, the ship will sail and leave me behind.



## POOR OLD MAN.

WHY wanderest thou thro' the deep snow  
 Poor old man?  
 And where art thou destin'd to roam?  
 Over wilds to and fro,  
 Fate decrees me to go,  
 To seek life's support and an home.

But against thee should pride close the door,  
 Poor old man!  
 Or spurn thy intreaties with scorn?  
 If the proud should think fit,  
 The poor must submit,  
 Tho' the trial is hard to be borne.

Observe'st thou yon castle afar,  
 Poor old man?  
 Hie thee thither and knock at the door;  
 Yon castle is grand,  
 Waste around it the land,  
 Small comfort, alas! for the poor.

'Tis the owner invites thee to go,  
 Poor old man!  
 Away, and his bounty receive.  
 I'll go then:—and peace  
 His vast stores will increase,  
 Whom heaven inspires to relieve.

Minerva leads peace to the land,  
 Poor old man!  
 And the horrors of war rage no more.  
 Then my sons will return,  
 For whose safety I mourn,  
 And bliss to my old heart restore.

Let the heart in thy bosom beat high  
 Poor old man!  
 They'll return;—and for thee I'll provide.  
 My boys then with me  
 Will most gratefully see  
 Their father's protector and guide.

## THE IMPOSTOR.

A DUMB beggar, travelling the country, with a long account fastened to his breast, setting forth that he had been taken by a Barbary corsair, been a slave in the galleys; and lastly, had his tongue cut out in Turkey; from whence, at last with much difficulty, he made his escape to Europe; and coming to England, all his friends being dead, he had no means to get a livelihood but by the generous donations of tender hearted christians. This mendicant stopped about noon at a shoe-maker's shop, the master of which gave him a penny, and made signs to him to come in and sit down, (for he pretended to be deaf as well as dumb) which he did; the master then going into another room to dinner, left him in the shop with the apprentice.

As soon as the master's back was turned, Mr. Dummy got up, and placing himself just before the boy, leaned out of the window to survey those who passed by; the boy could not see to do his work he stood so in the light; to speak to him he knew was in vain, as he thought he could not hear; however imagining he had not lost the sense of feeling, the boy stooped down, and ran the awl into his leg; as soon as the dumb man had felt the smart, he clapped his hand to the wound, and began to swear with a most audible voice. The boy hearing this ran with all speed to the other room, crying, master! master! behold a miracle! I have done more than all the doctors in the world could do: I have fetched the dumb man's tongue out of Turkey, "and put it in his head again."

## NEW-YORK, APRIL 20, 1805.

Forty Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 13th inst.

The Roman Catholic Church in Barclay-street was broke into on Monday evening by some person or persons not yet discovered, who after stripping the altar of what they judged most valuable, wrenched open the door of the sacristy in search of further plunder; but in this object they were frustrated by the precaution, which has for some time been observed, of removing every night to a place of greater security the most precious articles of silver generally used in the celebration of the religious rites of that church. The trustees have offered a reward of one hundred dollars for discovering and convicting the perpetrators of the above burglary and sacrilege.

Col. Burr is at present in Philadelphia. It is reported he is to be appointed Governor of Louisiana, in the room of C. C. Claiborne.

Capt John Shaw, we understand, is to take command of the frigate John Adams, and will sail for the Mediterranean about the first of next month.

The Washington Federalist says that Mr. Crowningshield has declined his recent appointment, and that Commodore Preble will fill the place of Secretary of the Navy.

## SINGULAR FRAUD.

A sharper lately observed an advertisement, stating, that a gentleman had found a bank note of 100l. and would gladly restore it to the owner, on describing the number, date, &c. This struck him as a favorable opportunity of gaining that sum with little difficulty, at all events with no risque of expence, even if his efforts failed. He equipped himself in the highest stile of fashion, and ordered a post-chaise to his door, with a servant in livery to attend him. He set off, agreeable to the direction, which was some distance from the town, and alighted at a gentleman's house, who proved to be an elderly clergyman, who had picked up the note at the end of the garden wall, adjoining the public road. On being invited into the parlor, he related the purpose of his visit, and on being asked by the Clergyman if he could describe the number, marks, &c. of the note, to convince him of his right to the claim, he replied he was fearful he should not be able to recollect sufficiently to satisfy him, having but lately received it; but, if it was his note, there was the name of HILL wrote on the back in red letters, and if that name could not be traced on the note, he should decline giving him any further trouble, not doubting he would soon discover the unfortunate loser. On this candid statement, the parson incautiously gave him the note, saying, "There, sir! look if you can see the name alluded to. If so, 'tis yours; if not, I must reserve it for a better claimant." After making his remarks on the note quite unperceived, he returned it. Apologizing for the trouble he had given, he took his leave, and, on entering the chaise, took care to minute down every particular, with which he furnished his confederate, who, a few mornings after, repaired to the Clergyman's, and having described every necessary mark, &c. to ensure his claim, readily obtained it of the Clergyman: who had no idea of the stratagem employed.

Charleston pap.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

HOW sweet the commerce of delight,  
 That sympathetic spirits move;  
 How sweet the mystic ties unite,  
 Youth's mutual breast in magic love!

## MARRIED.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Hobart, the Rev. Thomas Lyell, Rector of Christ Church; to Miss Anna C. Beach, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Beach.

At Hartford, on Thursday evening, Mr Christopher Colt, merchant, to Miss Sally Caldwell, daughter of John Caldwell Esq.

On Sunday evening the 7th inst. at Pompton, (N. J.) by the Rev. Mr. Ostrander, Mr. Andrew C. Zabriskie, merchant, of Paramus, to Miss Mary Ryerson, daughter of Martin Ryerson, Esq. of the former place.

Last week, at Little Plains, by the Rev. Mr. Fatoute, LONG John Allen, to Miss Ellen Schenk both of Great-Neck, (L. I.)

## MORTALITY.

LIFE and the grave two different lessons give:  
 Life teaches how to die—Death how to live.

## DIED.

On Wednesday last, after a short illness, Mrs. ANN BREWER, wife of Mr. James Brewer of this city, and eldest daughter of Mr. John Brotherson.

At Philadelphia, Mr. WILLIAM SPOTSWOOD, Printer and Bookseller, aged 52.

The body of one of the apprentices of Mr. Hugh McIntyre, who was lost on the 23d day of January, in an attempt to cross the river on the ice, was found a few days ago; those of his fellow sufferers have not yet been heard of.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ON FRANKNESS," by K. came too late for this week.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize:

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3,  
 FOR THE  
 ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.  
 For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

A CORRECT CHECK-BOOK  
 FOR THE EXAMINATION OF TICKETS IN LOT-  
 TERY NO. 3.  
 KEPT AT THIS OFFICE.

Policies of Insurance,  
 IN LOTTERY No. III.

Issued Daily, by JOHN TIEBOUT,  
 No. 238 Water-Street, near Peck-Slip, where  
 CASH or UNDRAWN TICKETS will be given for PRIZES.

SCALES, WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

Public Sealer of Weights, Measures, Scale Beams, and Yards; No. 250 Water Street, four doors west of Peck-Slip. Where he continues to carry on his Manufacture of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron Ware, and keeps on hand a general assortment of Scales, Weights & Measures with a variety of Japanned, Powder, and Hollow ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures adjusted and sealed at a short notice.  
 March 16, 1805.  
 845, 11.



## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE OWL AND THE PARROT.

BY PETER PINDAR.

AN Owl fell desp'rately in love, poor soul!  
Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole—  
A Parrot the dear object of his wishes,  
Who in her cage enjoy'd the loves and fishes;  
In short, had all she wanted—meat and drink,  
Washing and lodging—full enough, I think.

Squire Owl most musically tells his tale;  
His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs, prevail.  
Poll cannot bear, dear heart! to hear him  
grieve,  
Soopes' her cage, without a "by your leave!"  
They're married—go to bed with raptur'd faces,  
Rich words, and so forth—usual in such cases.

A day or two pass'd amorously sweet;  
Love, kissing, cooing, billing, all their meat:  
At length they both fell hungry, "What's for  
dinner?"

"Pray what have we to eat, my dear?" quoth  
Poll.

"Nothing, by all my wisdom!" answer'd  
Owl—

"I never thought of that, as I'm a finner!"

"But, Poll, on something I shall put my pats:  
"What say'st thou, deary, to a dish of rats?"

"Rats! Mister Owl: d'ye think that I'll  
eat rats?"

"Eat them yourself, or give them to the cats,"

Whines the poor bride, now bursting into tears.

"Well, Polly, would you rather dine on mouse?"

"I'll catch a few, if any in the house:"

"Thou shalt not starve, love—so dispel thy  
fears."

"I won't eat rats, I won't eat mouse—I won't;

"Don't tell me of such dirty vermin—don't."

"O that within my cage I had but tarry'd!"

"Polly," quoth Owl, "I'm sorry, I declare,

"So delicate, you relish not our fare:—

"You should have thought of that before you married!"

## ANECDOTE.

THE Prince of Conde, coming to congratulate his master, Lewis XIV. on the battle of Senef, in which his highness had commanded, and gained great honor; the King stood upon the top of the stairs to receive him. The prince, being lame of the gout, mounted very slowly, and stopped mid-way, begged his majesty's pardon if he made him wait. Cousin, said the king, do not hurry yourself; a person loaded with laurels, as you are, cannot move very swiftly.

## NEW-YORK REGISTERING

AND

### GENERAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,

No. 9 Broad-street, near the City Hall, where families or single gentlemen, upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description, merchants with clerks, mechanics with journeymen; also, servants, apprentices, journeymen, mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places.

N. B. A few servants on the books that can be well recommended,

March 9.

844 if

## MORALIST.

MAN little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them. As in ascending the heights of ambition, which looks bright from below, every step we raise shows us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summit of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten; and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

## FRENCH STORE,

No. 253 BROAD-WAY,

Opposite the New-City Hall.

F. DUBOIS, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 82 William Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Perfumery, Jewellery and fancy articles, viz.—fine pomatum, plain and scented powder, perfumes of all sorts, a variety of scented soaps and wash-balls, milk of roses, India wood tablets, face and pearl powder, antique oil, sweet scented peas, burning pencils to perfume apartments, the celebrated Chevalier Kuspian's Dentifrice, the damask lip salve, tortoise shell, ivory, horn and lead combs, scissors, penknives, and razor strops, dressing boxes and artificial flowers and plumes, elastic and queens garters, smelling bottles, pinching and curling tongs, gold, pearl, and paste earrings, ladies and gentlemen's suspenders, trusses, and all kinds of Ornamental hair for Ladies head dresses, the jessamine and violet oil, for thickening preserving and restoring the hair the cicafian liquid that gives in a few minutes a jet black-colour to the hair, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps as usual his Intelligence office, where are to be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow of good character;

OG. 27 1844.

843 if.

## Mr. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Decy-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practices PHYSIC and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthful appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delicious sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waites Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane

March 2, 1845.

843 if.

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## N SMITH.

Chemical Perfumes from London, at the New York Hair, Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Rule No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel), Ladies Ink Braces, do. Elastic worsted & cotton Garters.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 & 81 each.

Smith's Chemical Abfurgent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that add all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass, Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 25. per square.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 61. 81. and 121. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 41. and 81 per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 11. and 61. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose 21. and 61.

Smith's favoyette royal paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 41. and 81. per pot do. paste.

Smith's chemical Dentifrice Tough Powder, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2 and 41. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetics immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes.—Almond powder for the skin, 81 lb.

Smith's Cicafian Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 31 per box.

\* THE best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling Bottles, &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

Ladies and Gentlemen's pocket books,

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March 2, 1845.

843 91.

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